THE THREE PARTNERS; The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill. Written for The Evening Star. (Copyright, 1897, by Bret Harte.)

Chapter V-Continued From Last Sat-1 was, however, an opportune diversion to

But Mr. Van Loo did not immediately seek Mrs. Barker. He had already some experience of that lady's nerves and trascibility on the drive, and had begun to see his error in taking so dangerous an impediment to his flight from the country. And another idea had come to him. He had already effected his purpose of compromising her with him in that flight, but was still known only to a few. If he left her behind for the foolish, doting husband, would not that devoted man take her back to avoid a scandal, and even forbear to pursue him for his financial irregularities? What were \$20,000 of Mrs. Barker's money to the scandal of Mrs. Barker's elopement? Again, the failure to realize the forgery had left him safe, and Barker was sufficiently potent with the bank and Demorest to hush up that also. Hamlin was now the only obstacle to his flight, but even he, would scarcely pursue him if Mrs. Barker were left behind. And it would be easier to elude him If he did.

In his preoccupation Van Loo did not see that he had entered a bar room, but, finding himself there, he moved toward the bar; a glass of spirits would revive him. As he drank it he saw that the room was full of rough men, apparently miners or sure."

Van Loo, who managed to get nearer the door leading to the back entrance of the hotel, and to Mr. Jack Hamlin, who was watching him, as the men closed up to the

The toast was drunk with acclamation, followed by another and yet another. Step-toe and Van Loo, who had kept their heads cool, were both wondering if Hamlin's in-tention was to intoxicate and incapacitate the crowd at the crucial moment, and Steptoe smiled grimly over his superior knowledge of their alcoholic capacity. But suddenly there was the greatest diversion of a shout from the road, the oncoming of a cloud of red dust, and the halt of another vehicle before the door. This time it was no jaded single horse and dust-stained bug-gy, but a double team of four spirited trotters, whose coats were scarcely turned with foam, before a light station wagon contain-ing a single man. But that man was instantly recognized by every one of the outside loungers and stable boys, as well as the staring crowd within the saloon. It was James Stacy, the millionaire and banker. No one but himself knew that he had covered half the distance of a night-long ride from Boomville in two hours. But before they could voice their astonishment Stacy had thrown a letter to the obse-quious landlord, and then gathering up the reins had sped away to the railway station "Look as if the boss of creation was in a

hurry," said one of the eager gazers in the doorway. "Somebody goin' to get smashed,



packers-some of them Mexican, with here approached him. To his consternation he recognized Steptoe-Steptoe, whom he had not seen for five years until last night, when he had avoided him in the courtyard of the Boomville Hotel. His first instinct was to retreat, but it was too late. And spirits had warmed him into temporary

recklessness. You ain't goin' to be backed down by a short-card gambler, are yer?" said Step-

or with coarse familiarity.

"I have a lady with me, and am pressed for time," said Van Loo, quickly. "He knows it, otherwise he would not have discalar."

"I have a lady with me, and am pressed ditch again and a pick and grub wages room enough to spare for him and his kind of cattle."

"Well, lock here," said Steptoe, roughly, "I sin't particularly sweet on you, as you know, but I and these gentlemen," he added, glancing around the room, "ain't particularly sweet on Mr. Jack Hamlin neither, and we kalkilate to stand by you if you Now, I reckon you want to say so. Now, I recken you want to get away with the woman, and the quicker the better, as you're afraid there'll be some-body after you afore long. That's the way it pans out, don't it? Well, when you're ready to go, and you just tip us the wink, w'll get in a circle round Jack and cover him, and if he starts after you we'll send him on a little longer journey!

Eh. boys?'
The men muttered their approval, and one Van Loo's heart, which had leaped at first at his proposal of help, sank at this faller of his little plan of abandon-ing Mrs. Earker. He hesitated, and then stammered: "Thank you! Haste is everything with us now, but I shouldn't mind leaving the lady among chivalrous gen-tlemen like yourselves for a few hours only. until I could communicate with my friends and return to properly chastise this scoun-

Steptoe drew in his breath with a slight whistle and gazed at Van Loo. He instant-ly understood bim. But the plea did not suit Steptce, who, for purposes of his own, wished to put Mrs. Barker beyond her husband's possible reach. He smiled grimly. "I think you'd better take the woman with you' he said. "I don't think," he added in a lower voice, "that the boys would like your leaving her. They're very hightoned, they are." he concluded ironically. "Then," said Van Loo, with another desperate thes." "could you not better." perate idea, "could you not let us have saddle horses instead of the buggy? We could travel faster, and in the event of and anything happening to me.

pursuit and anything happening to me," he added loftily, "she at least could escape her pursuer's vengeance."

This suited Steptoe equally well, as long as the guilty couple fied together, and in the prescace of witnesses. But he was not deceived by Van Loo's heroic suggestion of self-sacrifice. "Quite right," he said sarcastically, "it shall be done, and I've no doubt one of you will escape. I'll send the horses round to the back door, and keep the buggy in front. That will keep Jack there, too—with the boys handy." But Mr. Hamlin had quite as accurate an idea of Mr. Van Loo's methods and of his idea of Mr. Van Loo's methods and of his own standing with Steptoe's gang of roughs as Mr. Steptoe himself. More than that, he also had a hold on a smaller but more devoted and loyal following than Steptoe's. The employes and hostlers of the hotel worshiped him. A single word of inquiry revealed to him the fact that the buggy was not going on, but that Mr. Van Loo and Mrs. Barker were—on two horses, a temporary side saddle having been constructed out of a mule's pack tree. At which Mr. Hamlin, with his usual audacity, with the hear that the burners are supported into the hear that the burners. walked into the bar room, and, going to the bar, leaned carelessly against it. Then, turning to the lowering faces around him, he said, with a flash of his white teeth, he said, with a flash of his white teeth, "Well, boys, I'm calculating to leave the 'Divide' in a few minutes to follow some friends in the buggy, and it seems to me only the square thing to stand the liquor for the crowd, without prejudice to any feeling or roughness there may be agin me. Everybody who knows me knows that I'm generally there when the band plays, and I'm pretty sure to turn up for that sort of thing. So you'll just consider that I've had a good game on the 'Divide,' and I'm 'ckoning it's only fair to leave a little of whind me here, to 'sweeten the pot' unat I call again. I only ask you, gentlemen, to drink success to my friends in the buggy as early and as often as you can." He flung two gold pieces on the counter and

"More like as if he was just humpin' himpackers—some of them Mexican, with here and shere a Kanakr, or Australian. Two men more ostentatiously clad, though apparently on equal terms with the others, were standing in the corner with their backs toward him. From the general silence as he entered he imagined that he had been the subject of conversation, and that his altercation with Hamlin had been overheard. Suddenly one of the two men turned and approached him. To his consternation he recognized Steptoe—Steptoe, whom he had

"More like as if he was just humpin' him said felt, "the man who forgets it will have to reckon with me. Now," he continued, resuming his former ironical manner, "now what are the cold facts of the case? The subject of conversation, and that his altermoney to be 'jockeyed' with in that style, Nobody but a man with a swelled nead like Marshalls worked this claim ever since '49, and never got anything out of it; then they divided the man who forgets it will have to reckon with me. Now," he continued, resuming his former ironical manner, "now what are the cold facts of the case? The Marshalls worked this claim ever since '49, and never got anything out of it; then they divided him. To his consternation he recognized Steptoe—Steptoe, whom he had The harsh, exultant tone of the speaker showed that he had quite forgotten Van Loo and Hamlin in his superior hatred of the millionaire, and both men noticed it. Van Loo edged still nearer to the door as Steptoe continued, "Ever since he made that big strike on Heavy Tree five years ago the country hasn't been big enough to hold him. But mark my words, gentlemen, the time ain't far off when he'll find a two-foot ditch again and a pick and a rest.

> "You're not drinking," said Jack Hamlin Steptoe turned toward the bar and then started. "Where's Van Loo?" he demanded of Jack sharply.

> Jack jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Gone to hurry up his girl, I reckon. I calculate he ain't got much time to fool away here. Steptoe glanced suspiciously at Jack. But at the same moment they were all startled—even Jack himself—at the ap-

parition of Mrs. Barker passing hurriedly along the veranda before the windows in along the veranda before the windows in the direction of the still waiting buggy. "D—n it!" said Steptoe in a flerce whisper to the man next him. "Tell her not there at the back door!" But before the messenger reached the door there was a sudden rattle of wheels, and with one accord all except Hamlin rushed to the veranda only to see Mrs. Barker driving rapidly away alone. Steptoe turned back into his room, but Jack also had dipappeared.

For in the confusion created at the sight of Mrs. Barker, he had slipped to the back door and found, as he suspected, only one door and found, as he suspected, only one horse, and that with a side saddle on. His intuitions were right. Van Loo, when he disappeared from the saloon, had intention for the saloon, had intention for the saloon.

stantly fled, taking the other horse and abandoning the woman to her fate. Jack as instantly leaped upon the remaining sad-dle and dashed after him. Presently he caught a glimpse of the fugitive in the distance, heard the half-angry, half-iron-ical shouts of the crowd at the back door, and as he reached the hilltop saw, with a mingling of satisfaction and perplexity. mingling of satisfaction and perplexity, Mrs. Barker on the other road still driving frantically in the direction of the railway station. At which Mr. Hamlin halted threw away his incumbering saddle, and, good rider that he was, remounted the horse, barebacked but for his blanket pad, and thrusting his knees in the loose girths, again dashed forward, with such good results that, as Van Loo galloped up to the stage coach office at the next station and was about to enter the waiting coach for Marysville, the soft hand of Mr. Hamlin was laid on his shoulder.

"I teld you," said Jack blandly, "that I had plenty of time. I would have been here before, and even overtaken you, only you had the better horse and the only saddle."

Van Loo recoiled. But he was now des perate and reckless. Beckoning Jack out of earshot of the other passengers, he said with tightened lips: "Why do you follow me? What is your purpose in coming

"I thought," said Hamlin, dryly, "that I was to have the pleasure of getting satis "Well, and if I apologize for it, what

"Well, and if I apologize for it, what then?" he said quickly.

Hamlin looked at him quietly. "Well, I think I also said something about the lady being the wife of a friend of mine."

"And I have left her behind. Her husband can take her back without disgrace, for no one knows of her flight but you and I. Do you think your shooting me will save her? It will spread the scandal far and wide. For I warn you that, as I have apologized for what you choose to call my personal in. for what you choose to call my personal in-sult, unless you murder me in cold blood without witness, I shall let them know the reason of your quarrel. And I can tell you

might be of importance to Jack. Why should he not try to make friends with this powerful free lance and half outlaw?"
"It's a game," he said, significantly, "that might be of interest to your friends to

Hamlin took his hands out of his pockets, turned on his heel and said, "Come with "Tve said it." returned Jack "Come" "I've said it," returned Jack. "Come," and Van Loo followed Mr. Hamlin into the station hotel.

Chapter VI.

The abrupt disappearance of Jack Hamlin and the strange lady and gentle nan visitors was scarcely noticed by the other guests of the "Divide House," and beyond the circle of Steptoe and his friends, who were a distinct party and strangers to the town, there was no excitement. Indeed, the hotel proprietor might have confounded them together, and, perhaps, Van Loo was not far wrong in his belief that their identity had not been suspected. Nor were Steptoe's followers very much concerned in an episode in which they had taken part only at the suggestion of their leader, and which had terminated so tamely. That they would have liked a "row," in which Jack Hamlin would have been incidentally forced to disgorge his winnings, there was no doubt, but that their interference was asked solely to gratify some personal spite of Steptoe's against Van Loo was equally plain to them. There was some grumbling and outspoken criticism of his methods.

This was later made more obvious by the arrival of another guest for whom Steptoe and his party were evidently waiting. He was a short, stout man, whose heavy red beard was trimmed a little more carefully than when he was first known to Steptoe as "Alky Hall". not far wrong in his belief that their idenred beard was trimmed a little more carefully than when he was first known to Steptoe as "Alky Hall," the drunkard of Heavy Tree Hill. His dress, too, exhibited a marked improvement in quality and style, although still characterized in the waist and chest by the unbuttoned freedom of portly and slovenly middle age. Civilization had restricted his potations, or limited them to certain festivals known as zation had restricted his potations, or limited them to certain festivals known as "sprees," and his face was less puffy and sodden. But with the accession of sobriety he had lost his good humor, and had the irritability and intolerance of virtuous re-

straint.

"Ye needn't ladle out any of your fortyrod whisky to me," he said, querulously, to
Steptoe, as he filed out with the rest of the
party through the bar room into the adjacent apartment. "I want to keep my
head level till our business is over, and I
reckon it wouldn't hurt you and your gang
to do the same. They're less likely to blab;
and there are few doors that whisky won't
unlock," he added, as Steptoe turned the
key in the door after the party had enkey in the door after the party had en-

The room had evidently been used for meetings of directors or political caucuses, and was roughly furnished with notched and whittled arm chairs and a single long deal table, on which were ink and pens. deal table, on which were ink and pens. The men sat down around it with a half-embarrassed, half-contemptuous attitude of formality, their bent brows and isolated looks showing little community of sentiment and scarcely an attempt to veil that individual selfishness that was prominent. Still less was there any essay of companiorship or sympathy in the manner of Steptoe as he suddenly rapped on the table with his knuckles.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a certain deliberation of utterance, as if he enjoyed his own coarse directness, "I reckon you all have a sort of general idea what you were picked up for, or you wouldn't be here. But you may or may not know that for the present you are honest, hard-working

the present you are honest, hard-working miners—the backbone of the state of Californy—and that you have formed yourselves into a company called the 'Blue Jay,' and you've settled yourselves on the bar below Heavy Tree Hill, on a deserted claim of the Marshall brothers not held a claim of the Marshall brothers, not half a mile from where the big strike was made five years ago. That's what you are, gen-tlemen: that's what you'll continue to be until the job's finished; and," he added, with a sudden dominance that they all felt, "the man who forgets it will have to henest man, and callin' in the boys to drink, he sneaks off to 'Frisco and goes to the bank to get 'em to take a hand in it. Well, you know, when Jim Stacy takes a hand in anything, it's both hands, and the bank wouldn't see it until he promised to guarantee possession of the whole abandoned claim—'dips, spurs and angles'—and let them work the whole thing, which the d—d fool did, and the bank agreed to send an expert down there tomorrow to report. But while he was away some one on our side, who was an expert also, got wind of it and made an examination all by himself, and found it was a vein sure enough and a big thing, and some one else on our side found out, too, all that Mar-shall had promised the bank and what the bank had promised him. Now, gentlemen, when the bank sends down that expert to-morrow I expect that he will find you in possession of every part of the deserted claim except the spot where Tom is still

working."
"And what good is that to us?" asked one "And what good is that to us?" asked one of the men, contemptuously.

"Good?" repeated Steptoe harshly. "Well, if you're not as d—d a fool as Marshall you'll see that if he has struck a 'lead' or vein it's bound to run across our claims, and what's to keep us from 'sinking' for it as long as Marshall hasn't worked the other claims for years nor pre-empted them "What'll keep him from pre-empting

"Our possession."
"But if he can prove that the brothers left their claims to him to keep, he'll just send the sheriff and his posse down upon

send the sheriff and his posse down upon us," persisted the first speaker.

"It will take him three months to do that by law, and the sheriff and his posse can't do it before as long as we're in peaceable possession of it. And by the time the expert and Marshall return they'll find us in peaceful possession. Unless we're such peaceful possession. Unless we're such blasted fools as to stay talking about it

"But what's to prevent Marshall from getting a gang of his own to drive us off?"
"Now you're talkin' and not yelpin'," said
Steptoe, with slow insolence. "D-d if I don't begin to think you kalkilated I goin' to employ you as lawyers! Nothing is to prevent him from gettin' up his gang,



for the square thing to stand the liquor for the crowd, without prejudice to any feeling or roughness there may be agin me. Everybody who knows me knows that I'm generally there when the band plays, and I'm pretty sure to turn up for that sort of thing. So you'll just consider that I've had a good game on the 'Divide,' and I'm 'zekoning it's only fair to leave a little of the ding agin. I only ask you, gentlemen, at I call again. I only ask you, gentlemen, to drink success to my friends in the buggy as early and as often as you can." He fluing two gold pieces on the counter and paused smilingly.

He was right in his conjecture. Even the men who would have willingly "held him up" a moment after, at the bidding of Steptoe, saw no reason for declining a free drink "without prejudice." And it was a part of the irony of the situation that Steptoe and Van Loo were also obliged to particle at the keep in with their partisans. It

pend upon the lead; but we don't move off those claims for less than \$,000, which will be \$250 to each man. But," said Steptoe in a lower, but perfectly distinct voice, "if there should be a row—and they begin it—and in the scuffle Tom Marshall, their only witness, should happen to get in the way of a revolver of have his head caved in, there might be seine difficulty in their hoidin' any of the mine adminst honest, hard-working miners if postession. You hear me?"

There was a freathless silence for the moment, and a slight movement of the men in their chairs. But never in fear or protest. Every one had heard the speaker distinctly, and every man distinctly understood him. Some of them were criminals, one or two had aiready the stain of blood on their hands, but even the most timid, who at other times might have shrunk from suggested assassination, saw in the speaker's words only the fair removal of a natural enemy.

"All right, boys. I'm ready to wade in at natural enemy.

natural enemy.

"All right, boys. I'm ready to wade in at once. Why ain't we on the road now? We might have been but for foolin' our time away on that man Van Loo."

"Van Loo!" repeated Hall, eagerly. "Van Loo! Was he here?"

"Yes," said Steptoe, shortly, administering a kick under the table to Hall, as he had no wish to revive the previous irritability of his comrades. "He's gone, but," turning to the others, "you'd have had to wait for Mr. Hall's arrival, anyhow. And now you've got your order you can start. wait for Mr. Hall's arrival, anynow. And now you've got your order you can start. Go in two parties by different roads and meet on the other side of the hotel at Hymettus. I'll be there before you. Pick up your shovels and drills as you go; remember, you're honest miners, but don't forget your shootin' irons for all that. Now scatter."

scatter."

It was well that they did, vacating the room more cheerfully and sympathetically than they had entered it, or Hall's manifest disturbance over Van Loo's visit would have been noticed. When the last man had disappeared Hall turned quietly to Steptoe. "Well, what did he say? Where has he "Don't know," said Steptoe with uneasy

curtness. "He was running away with a woman—well, Mrs. Barker, if you want to know," he added with rising anger, "the wife of one of those cussed partners. Jack Hamlin was here, and was jockeying to stop him, and interfered. But what the uevil has that job to do with our job?" He was losing his temper; everything seemed to turn upon this infernal Van Loo!
"He wasn't running away with Mrs. Barker," gasped Hall. "It was with her money! and the fear of being connected with the wheat trust swindle, which he organized, and with our money, which I lent him for the same purpose. And he knows all about that job, for I wanted to get him to go into it with us. Your name get him to go into it with us. Your name

get him to go into it with us. Your name and mine ain't any too sweet smelling for the bank, and we ought to have a middleman who knows business to arrange with them. The bank dar'n't object to him, for they've employed him in even shadier transactions than this when they didn't wish to appear. I knew he was in difficulties along with Mrs. Barker's speculations, but I never thought him up to this. And," he added, with sudden desperation, "you he added, with sudden desperation, "you trusted him, too."
In an instant Steptoe caught the fright-

ened man by the shoulders and was bear-ing him down on the table. "Are you a traitor, a liar, or a besotted fool?" he said, hoarsely. "Speak. When and where did I trust nim?"

"You said in your note-I was-to-help him," gasped Hail.

"My note?" repeated Steptoe, releasing Hall, with astonished eyes.
"Yes," said Hall, tren-blingly searching in his vest pocket. "I brought it with me. It isn't much of a note, but there's your signature, plain account."

It isn't much of a note, but there's your signature, plain enough."

He handed Steptoe a torn piece of paper, folded in a three-cornered shape. Steptoe opened it. He instantly recognized the paper on which he had written his name and sent up to his wife at the Boomville Hotel. But, added to it in apparently the same hand, in smaller characters, were the words, "Hely Van Loo all you can."

The blood rushed into his face. But he cuickly collected himself and said hurried-

quickly collected himself and said hurrledly, "All right, I had forgotten it. Let the d-d sneak go. We've got what's a thousand times better in this claim at Marshall's, and ft's well that he isn't in it to scoop the lion's share. Only we must not the look of the look o scoop the lion's share. Only we must not waste time getting there now. You go there first, and at once, and set those rascals to work. Fit follow you before Marshall comes tip. Get; I'll settle up here."
His face darkened once more as Hall hurried away, leaving him alone. He drew out the piece of paper from his pocket and stared at it again. Yes, it was the one he had sent to his wife. How did Van Loo get hold of it? Was he at the hotel that night? Had he picked thup in the hall or passage when the servant dropped it? When Hall handed him the paper and he first recog-nized it a fiendish thought, followed by s spasm of more fiendish rage, had sent the blood to his face. But his crude common sense quickly dismissed that suggestion of his wife's complicity with Van Loo. But had she seen him passing through the hotel that night, and had sought to draw from him some knowledge of his early in-tercourse with the child, and confessed everything, and even produced the paper with his signature as a proof of identity? Women had been known to do such desperate things. Perhaps she disbelieved her son's aversion to her, and was trying to sound Van Loo. As for the forged words by Van Loo, and the use he had put them to, he cared little. He believed the man was capable of forgery; indeed, he suddenly remembered that in the old days his son had spoken innocently, but admiringly, of Van Loo's wonderful chirographical powers, and his faculty of imitating the writing of others, and how he had even of-fered to teach him. A new and exasper-ating thought came into his feverish con-sciousness. What If Van Loo, in teaching the boy, had even made use of him as an innecent accomplice to cover up his own tricks. The suggestion was no question of moral ethics to Steptoe, nor of his son's possible contamination, although since the night of the big strike he had held differ ent views; it was simply a fierce, selfish jealousy that another might have profited leafousy that another might have profited by the lad's helplessness and inexperience. He had been tormented by this jealousy be-fore in his son's liking for Van Loo. He had at first encouraged his admiration and imitative regard for this smooth swindler's graces and accomplishments, which, though he scorned them himself, he was, after the common parental infatuation, willing that he scorned them himself, he was, after the common parental infatuation, willing that the boy should profit by. Unable, through his own consciousness, of distinguishing between Van Loo's superficial polish and the true breeding of a gentleman, he had only looked upon it as an equipment for his son which might be serviceable to himself. He had told his wife the truth when he informed her of Van Loo's fears of being reminded of their former intimacy, but he had not told her how its discontinuance, after they had left Heavy Tree Hill, had affected her son, and how he still cherished his old admiration for that specious ished his old admiration for that specious rascal. Nor had he told her how this had stung him, through his own selfish greed of the boy's affection. Yet now that it was possible that she had met Van Loo that evening, she might have become aware of Van Loo's nower over the child. evening, she might have become aware of Van Loo's power over her child. How she would exult, for all her pretended hatred of Van Loo! How, perhaps, they had plotted together! How Van Loo might have become aware of the place where his son was kept, and had been bribed by the mother to tell her! He stopped in a whirl of giddy fancies. His strong common sense in all other things had been hitherto proof against such idle dreams or suggestions, but the very strength of his parental love

in all other things had been hitherto proof against such idle dreams or suggestions, but the very strength of his parental love and jealousy had awakened in him at last the terrors of imagination.

His first impulse had been to seek his wife, regardless of discovery or consequences, at Hymettus, where she had said she was going. It was on his way to the rendezvous at Marshall's claim. But this he as instantily set aside. It was his son he must find; she might not confess, or might deceive him; the boy would not, and, if his fears were correct, she could be arraigned afterward. It was possible for him to reach the liftle mission church and school, secluded in a remote valley by the old Franciscan fathers, where he had placed the boy for the last few years unknown to his wife. It would be a long ride, but he could still reach Heavy Tree Hill afterward before Marshall and the expert arrived. And he had a feeling he had never felt before on the eve of a desperate adventure—that he must see the boy first. He remembered how the child had often accompanied him in his flight, and how he had gained strength; and it seemed to him a kind of luck from the touch of that small hand in his. Surely it was necessary now that at least his mind should be at rest regarding him on the eve of an affair of this moment. Perhaps he might never see him again. At any other time, and under the influence of any other emotion, he would have scorned such a sentimentalism—he who had never troubled himself either with preparation for the future or consideration for the past. But at that moment he felt both. He drew a long breath. He could catch the next train to "The Three Bouiders" and ride thence to San Felipe. He hurriedly left the room, settled with the landord and galloped to the station. By the trony of direcumstances the only horse available for that purpose was Mr. Hamilin's ewn.

[The Be Centisued]

HERCULEAN TASK

The Attorney General Must Go Over All Pardon Cases.

MR. M'KENNA AND HIS METHODS

Darkness Often Finds Him Still at His Desk.

ADDICTED TO THE WHEEL



TTORNEY GEN-A eral of the United States" might more properly read "Solicitor of Pardons for the United States," for since the great increase in the establishment of federal courts throughout the country the chief function of the Attorney General has been the disposition of pardon cases.

President Cleveland's Attorney Generals were, it is true, relieved of this herculean ask, for Mr. Cleveland's hobby was a close personal scrutiny of every scrap of paper bearing upon a pardon that reached his desk, and no other President since Lincoln passed upon so many cases of this sort. The grist of pardon applications that reaches the desk of a President every year

fashioned family Bible.

President McKinley intrusts the consideration of this vast mass of pardon material to his Attorney General, Joseph McKenna of California, and it keeps Mr. McKenna working o' nights and Sundays, too, to handle it.

"If Mr. McKenna didn't ride a bike," said Private Secretary Blandford, "he wouldn't be able to keep himself in trim for the job."

Even as it is, Mr. McKenpa sometimes exhibits an abstracted weariness to observ-



ant visitors that portrays the strain of the work. He has often the aspect of a student worn out by much labor under the lamp; and when you are ushered into his office he is apt not to be immediately able to raise his gaze from the enormous pile of papers before him, and when he does finally become aware of your presence he often enough runs his hand over his eyes and looks out of the window for a moment be-fore he is fully able to throw off the ab-sorbing influence of his task.

A Striking Personality. .

Although born in Philadelphia, Mr. Mc-Kenna's life since his twelfth year has been passed in California, and in appearance he is much more the western man than the calm, fearless, smiling Iashion with which these fierce-looking persons were greeted by Judge McKenna, he took heart of grace, and he is now able to expatiate to such callers with the same case as he does to others less ferocious in appearance, upon the advantages of strolls throughout the scented streets of the capital. Quaker. He is more active than his fiftyfour years would seem to indicate; of middle height, and a slight, wiry frame, well-muscled and carrying the suggestion of training. His face is more like that of Senator Cullom than of any other man in public life, which is equivalent to saying that the general contour of his countenance is in general like that of Abraham Lincoln. His eyes are of that peculiar "legal blue" that not only pierces parchments, but looks quite through the deeds of men. He keeps his upper lip smooth-shaven, but his lower countenance is sown with a thick beard of gray and bronze. He wears his hair like a modern n:an of the world, with no striving after effect, and there is a certain swelling of his forehead at the temples that carries a leonine suggestion of mental strength.

Men from California are often character-ized by an insistent breeziness, a redun-dancy of manner that seems not in illaccord with the redurdancy of their soil. San Francisco men especially often appear in their ordinary speech to be endeavoring to make themselves heard above the shrill roaring of the heavy blasts that forever sweep in through the Golden Gate. Judge McKenna has in his manner none of this quality, and in speech is more the Phila-delphian than the man from the coast. Uness you interest him exceedingly and have known him for long, he speaks but little, and then in so low a tone that you must strain your ears to catch his words. With his intimates he raises this self-placed embargo on his vocal chords; but in conversation by a para responded with the the help tion he never responds a whit to the boisterousness of his most amusing guest, and his choice of words is so accurate that he leaves much to his visitor's imagination. He has the lawyer's habit of permitting the other man to do the most of the talk-ing—"Let 'em get the rope around their own necks," said the elder 'Choate—and thus draws him out. Genial, even amiable, as Judge McKenna is to newspaper men, for instance, he is a difficult official for the interviewer, for in response to a single query he does not do the very desirable thing of rambling off into a meaty string of generalizations. The question answered suc-cinctly, he halts and waits for the next one, with the result that the interviewer is kept on pretty much of a mental prowl for more questions. The serenity, almost the immobility, of Judge McKenna's manrer fastened upon him the soubriquet of "Gentleman Joe" in San Francisco, where

rer fastened upon him the soubriquet of "Gentleman Joe" in San Francisco, where nicknames are so much thicker than Vallambrosa leaves. But his suavity, while sincere, is only part of him.

A Hard Worker.

Judge McKema is pronounced by old Department of the Justice officials to be the hardest working Attorney General since Garland. "It is rather a wonder to me," said one of them, "that he does not sleep in the dealer about \$1.45 each when put in his show case, so that \$2 is not too much to charge for them. The main points of their cost are the large wagss paid to the expert workmen who make them, the very large leaves used for the "wrappers" and the duty.

CONJUGAL REPARTEE.

in his office." As a committeeman in Congress he displayed the same quality of in-defatigableness. He belongs to no clubs, societies or fraternities, and is therefore permitted to go to bed at a reasonable hour of nights—that is, after he leaves his office at the Department of Justice, and that hour might sometimes be deemed unreasonable for a man holding one of the highnour might sometimes be deemed unreasonable for a man holding one of the highest positions under the government. But, in Washington, he insists upon retiring at an hour that will permit him to rise very early in the morning, for he has the very strongest sort of an appreciation of the leafage and the flowerage of this town, to say nothing of the concrete pavements; and he rides a bicycle; and to bicycle riders this should seem to leave nothing to be said as to why the Attorney General likes to get up early in the morning. He goes a-riding on his wheel. He may be seen flitting around the streets in northwestern Washington at an hour in the morning when his clerks are dreaming of Elysium and pay day and other bright things. What is more, he rides like a veteran, which he is, for he was one of the first of the first brigade of safety wheel users. There is something quite interesting in the speciacle of an Attorney General of the United States, a man of the greatest dignity and learning, scudding about at dewy morn on a regime en Attorney General of the United States, a man of the greatest dignity and learning, scudding about at dewy morn on a racing macfine; but the interest grows to wonder when it is noted that he is quite capable of going along without using his handlebars! At first, Mr. McKeuna took up a bicycle for his nealth; now he rides because he can't help himself. He has some rather fine ideas on the question of physical training—as what man who spent nearly all of his life in Benicia, the home of the eminent pugilist, John C. Heenan, would not?—and bicycle riding figures at the front of them.

At His Desk. At His Desk.

Quite often Judge McKenna rides his wheel to the Department of Justice, and he ordinarily gets there not long after 8 o'clock. Then it is a case of grind-not alone upon his accumulating pile of pardons, but upon the thousand other details which fall to the lot of the official who is the law representative of the United States government, the prosecuting attorney for the nation. In the first place, there are reaches the desk of a President every year is now close on to 700 in number, or nearly two a day, and the papers accompanying each application are of huge bulk, skill of devisement and persuasiveness—the petitions alone often weigh as much as an old-fashioned family Bible.

President McKinley intrusts the consideration of this vast mass of pardon material to his Attorney General, Joseph McKenna of California, and it keeps Mr. McKenna working o' nights and Sundays, too, to handle it.

"If Mr. McKenna didn't ride a bike," said Delivate Sacretary Blandford "he wouldn't part of the Attorney General has to himself prepare a heavy and exceedingly careful brief, something like eighty United States attorpare a heavy and exceedingly careful brief, from which he argues in person before the United States Supreme Court. Mr. McKenna has not himself yet appeared in person in his capacity of Attorney General before the Supreme Court to argue a case, but when he does the picture cannot help but be an interesting one, in view of the fact that it is generally believed that he himself will become a member of that august court before very long.

His Many Visitors. At the present time Mr. McKenna is able

into the presence of the Attorney General.

After a time, when he had observed the
calm, fearless, smiling fashion with which

The Daily Program.

and bottle of apollinaris brought to him

after he has dispersed his visitors, some-

where near 2 o'clock, and he not uncom-

monly holds the sandwich in one hand

and a very ponderous looking paper in the

other. Often, too, he dictates during

luncheon. He has no stenographer, Mr.

Blandford acting as his shorthand man in

connection with his duties as private secre-tary and confidential clerk—which would make it appear that Mr. Blandford rather

make it appear that Mr. Blandford rather earns his pay. Sometimes Judge McKenna gets through with his work, or as much of it as he chooses to do for one day, by 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but a good deal oftener he does not. It does not grow dark in Washington nowadays until late, and yet the lights are often ablaze in the Attorney General's office for a considerable period after that hour.

During the summer Judge McKenna will probably find enough of a let-up in his work to do a lot of fishing hereabouts. He is a fisherman of enthusiasm, persistence and success—not an angler, but a fisherman. If, however, he is not a scientific

and success—not an angler, but a fisher-man. If, however, he is not a scientific angler, he is certainly, according to the stories told by his California friends, a giant among hunters. He took his few va-cations in California among the great mountains of that state, and in those

mountains of that state, and in those mountains there are grizzlies and "paint-ers" and other such "varmints." For these, it is said, Judge McKenna has gunned and gunned well, so that the red heads and pheasants down the bay have seemed expensions of the said.

ceedingly easy to him on the gunning trips he made down that way when he was in the House of Representatives.

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It may interest those who are bewailing

the forthcoming scarcity of fine Havana cigars to know that one retail dealer in

New York now sells and has sold for years

From the New York Evening World.

of you to let such small troubles worry you

Judge McKenna has his chicken sandwich

scented streets of the capital

to pound away at the lofty heap on his desk in peace until close on to 12 o'clock roon, when he receives visitors. But for the first month after he took his office he was fortunate in having for a private secretary a man whose experience had taught him a great deal of the gentle art of "fanning"-Mr. Blandford-who was with Mr. Olney both in the Department of Justice and the Department of State; and has the most winning way known in Washington of pointing out to unwelcome callers the joys of exercise out-of-doors under the umbrageous trees. Yet even Mr. Blandford had a big job on his hands when he first took service with Judge McKenna, for a great many hundreds of Mr. McKenna's callers were gentlemen of uncouth appearance and unconventional manners from the very wild and woolly west west. very wild and woolly west, who wanted to be United States marshals. Mr. Blandford, who was born and raised right here in Washington, and whose paths are the paths of peace, himself admits that he quite frequently experienced sensations of

extreme nervousness upon being confronted, in the Attorney General's ante-room, by ed, in the Attorney General's ante-room, by fellows "about eight feet high"—his own words—with broad, sombreros, bulging frock coats, and the uncomfortable habit of reaching to the rear pocket for their handkerchiefs. This feeling of nervousness often induced him against his will to conduct some of these marshal-iob-seekers HILLSBORO BRIDGE, N. H. Never since I have kept house have I been without Pond's Extract, so it is no new thing with us. We like it and

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